

A BRILLIANT DIAGNOSTICIAN WOULD HAVE SAID, "AHA, MY DEAR MAN, SO YOU DRIVE A TOYOTA?"

"i went to the doctor," i tell her,  
"for my swimmer's ears."

"what did he say?"

"he said there were some strange kinds  
of scratches in there."

"did you tell him you clean your ears  
with your car key?"

"no, i just replied, 'scratched?' and he  
gave me some medicine."

"why didn't you tell him about cleaning your  
ears with your car key?"

"for the same reason i didn't tell him  
about my drinking or that i pick my nose:

because he'd tell me not to."

— Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

#### A MENTION OF SOME LUCKY PAY-OFFS

one of the things about being a writer:  
people mail me boxes of good cigars;  
it doesn't happen quite often but it does  
happen a surprising number of times.

the cigars are mostly hand-made imports  
from Nicaragua and this is how  
I learned to spell  
'Nicaragua' —  
an interesting and poetic  
word.

I smoke my cigars  
drink my wine  
and type.

I'm sure this is what they expect:  
"hey, baby, I bet Chinaski is  
hunched over his typer now



smoking  
one of those long-filler cigars!"

as the night goes on  
I get drunker and  
the poems get more careless —  
which is what I want.

and I suppose that the cigars do  
help,  
and even cigar boxes fascinate me:  
I don't like to throw them  
away, do you?

so I'm smoking this cigar and  
I'm a writer with a desk —  
it was here when we moved in —  
and  
at the right end of this  
desk  
there is this open cigar box  
lid resting against the wall  
and inside of the lid  
looking at me is  
a little oval painting in  
green, white, blue and yellow,  
brown, of  
three men working in the  
tobacco fields  
with  
a house, trees, the sky, the  
clouds  
in the background.

it's good being a writer  
and being sent such  
magic gifts as  
these.

when it gets going  
well  
there are sometimes  
sundry gifts  
such as women.  
I'm sure that many of the  
women who went to bed with me  
did so because I was a writer  
but I only considered  
rejecting a few of them  
because of this  
foolishness.

I don't reject these cigars  
either;



I think they improve the  
writing —  
make the wine taste better  
make the fingers find the natural  
and easy keys.

this is a thank you poem, ladies  
and gentlemen, for the fine  
Nicaraguan cigars.

now  
among this  
sacred blue smoke  
let me go on to  
other  
subject matter.

FOR A MAN WHO WALKS AROUND MY TYPEWRITER VERY OFTEN

I'd piss on the moon and light a cigarette  
I'd call myself around the block and when I came to  
answer I'd punch myself in the face  
if I were Céline and if I were alive

Céline, you magnificent dog  
Céline I'll bet you beat your mother and if you had a  
brother you beat him too

Céline you flogged yourself Céline you drank water and  
walked in the sun

If I were France I'd call myself Céline

Céline you wrote with words that  
more than bit  
more than chewed and spit out  
more than laughed  
laughed more than laughter

I'm not France  
but if I were France  
I'd call myself  
Céline

— Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

LATE BULLETIN: There is now SURE, The Charles Bukowski  
Newsletter, \$12/3 nos. fm. P.O. Box 40, Homeland CA  
92348. No. 1 has Ron Koertge and Steve Richmond pieces.